

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

News o' the North

From our Northern Correspondent
★ F. W. REED ★

THE KING'S GUESTS.

VERY shortly a party of twenty kiddies will leave Tyneside for a holiday at Whickham, Co. Durham, in a beautiful mansion standing in spacious grounds. They will be the guests of the King, who has sent a cheque to the Poor Children's Holiday Association to pay for their fortnight's holiday. The lucky children will be chosen from those needing a change of air, and others convalescent after illness.

There's great anticipation in many a small heart!...

OPERATION.

AFTER performing hundreds of operations in the theatre of Sunderland Royal Infirmary, Mr. Stanley Raw has himself been operated on there recently. He is a patient in the private wards, which he did so much to establish. It will be some little time before he is out and about again, but he is making excellent progress to recovery. The operator's operation was indeed successful.

HOLD-UP.

AT a Newcastle-on-Tyne police court recently, the man standing in the dock had both his hands firmly planted in his trouser pockets. A court officer, reprimanding him, said, "Take your hands out of your pockets." To which the man replied, "I can't—I haven't any braces."

DIGGING.

A RECORD to be proud of is boasted by the village of Burnopfield, in County Durham. Ninety per cent. of the residents have cultivated gardens. Waste land has been transformed into vegetable gardens,

and allotments have been extended. The villagers certainly know how to "dig in."

ROOM FOR SALE.

FIXING up a stall in a room of her home in Hunter Avenue, Blyth, Northumberland, 12-year-old Dorothy Boyd and her brother held a sale. Collecting materials from neighbours in the district, which included crockery and vegetables, they finished up by making nearly seven pounds. This is going to the Red Cross.

WREN PLAYWRIGHT.

WHILE driving Navy cars as a Wren, Esther McCracken, the playwright, wrote a great deal of her new play, "Living Room." When waiting for messages, seated in her car, she brought out her notebook and began writing. The show had its world premiere in Newcastle, where it was received with great approval.

HEARD IT?

AFTER making frantic efforts to play his ball from a bunker, causing clouds of sand as he made each attempt, the golfer remarked to his caddie, "I'm not playing the game I used to play." The very tired caddie immediately replied, "What game was that, sir?"

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BRIDGE

At the Sign of Ye Inne

Surviving days of non-stop bombing and machine gunning by German aircraft during the evacuation from France in 1940, the Earl of Suffolk and his assistants, together with a group of scientists and over a million pounds worth of gems at last found a small ship and prepared to evacuate from Bordeaux.

In this final chapter in the life of the Incredible Earl of Suffolk, Ronald Richards tells of the untimely death of this twentieth-century Cavalier.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK

NOT hesitating, the skipper of the ship, ignoring the enemy mines and demands from the shore to go back, chugged his way out of the harbour, en route for England, with what was probably the most valuable cargo ever to arrive at a British port.

The guns were manned every minute of the 48-hour journey

across the Channel, and although the journey was uneventful, the crew was ready for anything.

Of Suffolk's behaviour during the voyage, one of the passengers said, "He was like a pirate chief of the Elizabethan period. Nothing upset him; he just went around singing and swearing and giving explicit orders. It was a pleasure to sail under his command."

In June, 1940, they reached England, and, passing through the Customs officials unnoticed, Suffolk boarded a train for London. With him, in his third-class carriage, he had over a million pounds' worth of jewellery in old leather cases and kit-bags.

Accepting these hazards without turning a hair, Suffolk had been perfectly happy. It was his brain that planned his movements, under his personal supervision was the work carried out, and it was his neck that defied the noose.

It was to be expected, then, that when he was refused admission to the Minister of Supply to inform him that over a million pounds' worth of diamonds were outside in a taxi, he was annoyed.

Naturally, Suffolk, being Suffolk, did get in, and naturally also he caused a major sensation.

The treasure was brought in from the taxi and laid out in the Minister's office, where it was found to include diamonds, papers, inventions, blue prints and data of incalculable value to British laboratories.

From whence it came he would only say, "I brought it from France; the Germans are getting through, you know."

Lighting his cigarette with the foolscap form which he was requested to complete with details of his achievement, he waved good-bye to the gaping Minister and said, "I'm going to sleep now." And in a Ministry car he was driven to his club.

Bomb disposal

Suffolk stayed in the Ministry of Supply, and after the fall of France he volunteered to work out new and safer ways of bomb disposal.

For months he was a familiar figure in the West End of London.

Garbed in riding boots, gaudy polo jerseys, a black stetson or a flying helmet, and riding breeches, he wine and dined at his club and fashionable restaurants, frequently taking with him members of his disposal party.

There are numerous legends about Suffolk's bomb-disposal days. His disregard of danger

and his sense of humour frequently caused sensational nightmares to many of his more staid associates.

Felix, head waiter at Kempinski's Tavern, was frequently subjected to his pranks, as were members of his favourite club.

He is reported on one occasion to have taken a bomb from his lorry into his club, where he demonstrated the correct way of de-fusing it without breaking any windows.

A favourite trick was to place bombs weighing a few hundred pounds under dining tables. When they were discovered he would explain casually, "It's all right; I have the fuse in my pocket." Lighthearted as he was, no one could accuse Suffolk of being casual or reckless.

He knew he had a perilous job, and he reduced the danger to the finest possible minimum. Never was he known to permit any of his staff to tackle any type of bomb that was unknown, and never would he have them near him when he performed the most difficult de-fusing operations.

He had a sixth sense regarding bombs, and scientists with whom he worked seldom knew him to be wrong.

After any outstanding achievement he would bundle his staff into a disposal lorry and drive them to the West End to celebrate at his expense. When he entered Kempinski's his signature tune would be struck up, and he would burst forth with the verse of this rousing student song.

Betrayed

Suffolk died in May. On that fateful day he had planned a special treat for his staff at Kempinski's, which was to be followed by a week-end at his country seat.

They disposed of several bombs in the morning, and Suffolk told them to get cleaned up for the evening.

While waiting, he walked over to "Old Faithful," a huge bomb which had been lying around harmlessly for months, and tinkered with it, remarking casually, "It's about time he died; I'll fix him now."

Those were the last words of the twentieth Earl of Suffolk and the thirteenth Earl of Berkshire.

"Old Faithful" betrayed him, and with Suffolk died his secretary and six other members of the team.

Weeks after, the London Gazette contained the brief notice that the King "has been graciously pleased to award the George Cross to Charles Henry George Howard, Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire (deceased), for conspicuous bravery."

Dogs of War

By D. N. K. BAGNALL

hit and able to wriggle through or leap over barbed wire.

Two St. Bernards have been trained to work together, carrying a light stretcher slung between them. They approach a wounded man lying on the ground and kneel beside him. If he can get on to the stretcher, they trot off with him to the dressing station. If he doesn't move, they go on until they find a man who is able to mount.

Some dogs do patrol work. If an enemy is nearby, they are taught to strain at the leash and to keep silent, pointing towards the spot where he is.

They have had their casualties. They die rather than shirk their duty.

One dog saved the lives of many men surrounded by the enemy. He was sent with a message for help. He got through and the men were rescued. But the dog died of wounds he got on the way.



Yours faithfully
GOGGLES

DEFINITELY in the shadow of the Forth Bridge stands the old Hawes Inn, beloved of Robert Louis Stevenson and put on record in his immortal "Kidnapped," and also "honourably mentioned" by Sir Walter Scott in his novel, "The Antiquary."

But it is not as a howl of literary geniuses that the Hawes Inn is interesting, but rather as a port of call for Naval men, who included many distinguished officers in the Great War, probably as guests of Lord Rosebery, whose seat of Dalmeny is nearby. Like the port of South Queensferry, the inn is still in very sound condition, and, along with the ancient burgh, provides the hospitality, good cheer and friendliness that men of the sea have a right to expect.

Lifts for the Navy

Alongside the three-hundred-year-old inn as well as the famous bridge is a lovely, or formidable, brae, that sweeps down to the sea front, or, according to circumstances, toils and turns and twists up to the broad highway that leads eventually to Edinburgh. To-day, Navy men ashore on short leave are glad, in these days of restricted transport, to find that private motorists are only too willing to give them a lift into town. Undoubtedly, that brae is a beezer to climb on foot, whether the Hawes Inn has been visited or not.

There is nothing flashy about the Hawes Inn. It's typically

Scottish in appearance. Plain and sturdily built, with few exterior embellishments, but a grand atmosphere inside. R.L.S., when he stayed there, is said to have been imbued with the feeling that "something was always about to happen." In naval history much has, and, coming down to this war, above the old roofs swooped the Nazi raiders in October, 1939, to attack naval vessels with great surprise, but little success.

Seven days open

To mention a very mundane matter. The famous hostelry has a seven days' licence. A pleasing thought in Edinburgh, for a pleasant bus run lands you at its doors from Edinburgh, where pubs are shut on that day. But what about that brae? Buses don't care!



Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—34

1. Put the same two letters, in the same order, before and after the letters UCAT, and make a word.

2. Here are four words, each with the two middle letters missing: AC**RD, HO**ET, TO**RD, ME**OW. The missing letters, in the order given, spell the name of an English county. What is it?

3. Can you change CASE into BUNK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: FOOT into RULE, SOAP into WASH, CLIP into TRAM.

4. How many three-letter and four-letter words can you make from the word COMPOSITION?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 33

1. ANGLICAN.
2. RUE and QUOITS make TURQUOISE.
THY and STEAM make AMETHYST.
CLUB and CRANE make CARBUNCLE.

3. CROW, PROW, PROP, CROP, COOP, COOK, ROOK, WOOD, WOAD, ROAD, READ, REED, FEED, FEEL, FELL, FILL, FILE, FIRE.

BOWL, FOWL, FOIL, FAIL, PAIL, PALL, PILL, PILE, PIPE.

BEEF, REEF, REEK, SEEK, SEEP, STEP, STOP, STOW, STEW.

4. Ally, Lice, Lace, Life, File, Fail, Leaf, Call, Pale, Pail, Peal, Lily, Pace, Face, Pile, etc.

Spice, Piece, Peace, Filly, Silly, Sally, Place, Pills, Laces, Sepia, Clips, Flips, Flaps, etc.



SO far so well; but I could not avoid comparing my heavier frame and disabled condition with his light figure and remarkable activity: but there was no help for it, and in less than a minute's time I was swinging directly over his head.

As soon as his upturned eyes caught a glimpse of me, he exclaimed in his usual dry tone, for the danger did not seem to daunt him in the least, "Mate, do me the kindness not to fall until I get out of your way"; and then, swinging himself more on one side, he continued his descent.

In the meantime, I cautiously transferred myself from the limb down which I had been slipping to a couple of others that were near it, deeming two strings to my bow better than one, and taking care to test their strength before I trusted my weight to them.

On arriving towards the end of the second stage in this vertical journey, and shaking the long roots which were round me, to my consternation they snapped off one after another like so many pipe stems, and fell in fragments against the side of the gulf, splashing at last into the waters beneath.

As one after another the treacherous roots yielded to my grasp, and fell into the torrent, my heart sunk within me. The branches on which I was suspended over the yawning chasm swung to and fro in the air, and I expected them every moment to snap in twain. Appalled at the dreadful fate that menaced me, I clutched frantically at the only large root which re-

mained near me; but in vain; I could not reach it, though my fingers were within a few inches of it.

Again and again I tried to reach it, until at length, maddened with the thought of my situation, I swayed myself violently by striking my foot against the side of the rock, and at the instant that I ap-

By HERMAN MELVILLE

proached the large root caught desperately at it, and transferred myself to it. It vibrated violently under the sudden weight, but fortunately did not give way.

My brain grew dizzy with the idea of the frightful risk I had just run, and I involuntarily closed my eyes to shut out the view of the depth beneath me. For the instant I was safe, and I uttered a devout ejaculation of thanksgiving for my escape.

"Pretty well done," shouted Toby underneath me; "you are nimbler than I thought you to be—hopping about up there from root to root like any young squirrel. As soon as you have diverted yourself sufficiently, I would advise you to proceed."

The residue of my downward progress was comparatively easy; the roots were in greater abundance, and in one or two places jutting out points of rock assisted me greatly. In a few moments I was standing by the side of my companion.

Substituting a stout stick for the

one I had thrown aside at the top of the precipice, we now continued our course along the bed of the ravine. Soon we were saluted by a sound in advance, that grew by degrees louder and louder, as the noise of the cataract we were leaving behind gradually died on our ears.

"Another precipice for us, Toby."

"Very good; we can descend them, you know—come on."

After an hour's painful progress, we reached the verge of another fall, still loftier than the preceding, and flanked both above and below with the same steep masses of rock, presenting, however, here and there narrow irregular ledges, supporting a shallow soil, on which grew a variety of bushes and trees, whose bright verdure contrasted beautifully with the foamy waters that flowed between them.

Toby, who invariably acted as pioneer, now proceeded to reconnoitre.

On his return, he reported that the shelves of rock on our right would enable us to gain with little risk the bottom of the cataract. Accordingly, leaving the bed of the stream at the very point where it thundered down, we began crawling along one of these sloping ledges until it carried us to within a few feet of another that inclined downward at a still sharper angle, and upon which, by assisting each other, we managed to alight in safety.

Continued on Page 3.

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



RICKSHA BOY MAKES UP.

No, he isn't a Red Indian preparing for a tribal dance. He is a Kaffir of Durban, South Africa, and his job is to pull a ricksha—or rickshaw, if you like it that way. Before he goes out in the morning he gets his outfit in order—buffalo horns, ostrich feathers and gaudy dress—all fixed to attract customers who want to be run around. In the old days his make-up would have been used to terrify his enemies when the impis "made the earth tremble when they stamped." Now he is earning his living like others.

other side remains at polar temperatures, and there would be a constant set of very fierce ocean currents and hurricanes rushing from one side to the other.

Mr. Everyman: "What about the other planets—Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, and the rest?"

Astronomer: "Well, Mercury is out of the question. It is so near the sun that its surface temperature is somewhere about the melting-point of lead. Its atmosphere has almost entirely disappeared.

"Jupiter and Saturn are so far from the sun that they are both too cold. The surface temperature of Jupiter, for example, is about 150 degrees Centigrade below freezing, and Saturn is much colder. Also, the atmospheres of Jupiter and Saturn are poisonous. They consist of ammonia and marsh-gas. The remaining planets are either too small or too far away to enable any sort of life thinkable on them."

Physicist: "The size of Jupiter and Saturn would also be a difficulty. I mean, supposing we could take breathing apparatus with us and make provision for adequate heating, these planets are so big that their forces of gravitation would prevent us from moving. On Jupiter, a ten-stone man would weigh about three hundredweight, and he would be unable to stand up."

Journalist: "It has been suggested that scientists may one

day understand enough about the evolution of new types of life to be able deliberately to prepare suitable creatures to inhabit some of the planets.

"We might, for instance, deliberately evolve a kind of man capable of living at 100 degrees below freezing, and of breathing some other gas than oxygen."

Astronomer: "While one cannot say that it is impossible, it is certainly a highly fantastic improbability. I think the general answer to the question is that there is no likelihood of our ever inhabiting any of the planets, with the possible exception of Venus. There are, of course, other possibilities, such as the new arrival of a suitable planet from outer space, but the chances of such a thing happening are very remote indeed."

The question for the next session of the Brains Trust is: "Should the 'talkies' be employed in churches for religious instruction, so as to brighten up the services?"

Send us your stories, jokes, drawings and ideas—help produce your own newspaper.

To-day's Brain Trust

AROUND the discussion table to-day we have an astronomer, a physicist, a well-known journalist, and, of course, Mr. Everyman. The question which has been put to them is: Shall we ever inhabit the other planets in the solar system? The difficulties of travelling through space are waived, and it is assumed, for the purposes of the discussion, that suitable "space-ships" could be built.

Journalist: "Well, I have

always understood that Mars is more or less inhabitable, and numerous stories have been written around the scientific facts. In many ways, I understand that life on Mars would be a very pleasant change from Mother Earth.

"We should, for instance, be able to jump to great heights, and to fly more easily, for Mars being smaller than the earth, things would weigh much less there."

Astronomer: "A more fundamental question is whether or not you could breathe. By means of the spectroscope we have been able to analyse the atmospheres of all the major planets, and none of them appear to be breathable. It used to be thought that the Martian atmosphere contained oxygen, but it now seems almost certain that this is not so."

Physicist: "There is also, of course, the question of temperature. Mars is much further away from the sun than the earth, and for the most part it is extremely cold. The mid-summer day temperature on the equator is about equal to an English spring day. That might not be so bad were it not that we should have to wear oxygen apparatus in order to breathe. Nearer the poles the cold would be intolerable."

Mr. Everyman: "But what about the canals on Mars? I thought they indicated that some sort of intelligent life does exist on Mars."

Astronomer: "I am afraid that the canals are no longer very seriously believed in. They have been explained as optical illusions, and those who have believed in them in the past have drawn maps which do not agree."

"But the question was not whether there is life on the planets, but whether we should

ever inhabit them ourselves. I think that Venus is a much more likely planet for human habitation, though here again the atmosphere does not at present contain oxygen. It does, however, contain carbon-dioxide, and if ever vegetation springs up on Venus, oxygen may in due course appear. Like Mars, Venus has water-vapour, and its surface is, as a matter of fact, at present covered with clouds. Venus is very nearly the same size as the earth, and is nearer to the sun."

Journalist: "Might it not be possible for us to send vegetable seeds to Venus on a rocket, and so prepare for ourselves a future home when the sun begins to cool down?"

Astronomer: "That is a very attractive and romantic idea,

but there is a further difficulty. We do not know the exact length of a day on Venus, but there is reason to believe that it is a very long one. It may

Who is it?

He was born at York, in the year 1632. His father came from Bremen. He went to sea, was shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island. There he lived for a number of years, with a black servant whose life he saved, and a parrot. Later he was rescued by the crew of an English ship, and returned to England. Who was he?

even be as long as a whole year, and that would mean that Venus always turns the same face to the sun. This would result in one side of the planet always being roasted while the

JANE



QUIZ for today

1. What shape is a tetrahedron?
2. What is a mandrake?
3. Who wrote (a) "The Stones of Venice," (b) "Rodney Stone"?
4. What is the ancient name for (a) a chemist, (b) an astronomer, (c) a pharmacist?
5. What is a group of part-ridges called?
6. How many (a) barrels, (b) gallons, of beer are there in a hoghead?
7. What is the highest rank in the Police Force?
8. What country holds the record balloon ascent into the stratosphere?
9. What is the highest mountain in Great Britain?
10. What is (a) a spinet, (b) a spinneret?
11. Who invented the thermometer?
12. The thistle belongs to—the rose family, daisy family, buttercup family, lily family?

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

We warily crept along this, steadying ourselves by the naked roots of the shrubs that clung to every fissure. As we proceeded, the narrow path became still more contracted, rendering it difficult for us to maintain our footing, until suddenly, as we reached an angle of the wall of rock where we had expected it to widen, we perceived to our consternation, that a yard or two farther on it abruptly terminated at a place we could not possibly hope to pass.

Toby, as usual, led the van, and in silence I waited to learn from him how he proposed to extricate us from this new difficulty.

"Well, my boy," I exclaimed, after the expiration of several minutes, during which time my companion had not uttered a word: "what's to be done now?"

He replied in a tranquil tone that probably the best thing we could do in the present strait was to get out of it as soon as possible.

"Yes, my dear Toby, but tell me how we are to get out of it."

"Something in this sort of style," he replied; and at the same

moment, to my horror, he slipped sideways off the rock, and, as I then thought, by good fortune merely, alighted among the spreading branches of a species of palm tree, that, shooting its hardy roots along a ledge below, curved its trunk upwards into the air, and presented a thick mass of foliage about twenty feet below the spot where we had thus suddenly been brought to a standstill.

I involuntarily held my breath, expecting to see the form of my companion, after being sustained for a moment by the branches of the tree, sink through their frail support, and fall headlong to the bottom.

To my surprise and joy, however, he recovered himself, and disentangling his limbs from the fractured branches, he peered out from his leafy bed, and shouted lustily, "Come on, my hearty, there is no other alternative!" And with this he ducked beneath the foliage, and slipping down the trunk, stood in a moment at least fifty feet beneath me, upon the broad shelf of

rock from which sprung the tree he had descended.

What would I not have given at that moment to have been by his side? The feat he had just accomplished seemed little less than miraculous, and I could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I saw the wide distance that a single daring act had so suddenly placed between us.

Toby's animating "come on!" again sounded in my ears, and dreading to lose all confidence in myself if I remained meditating upon the step, I once more gazed down to assure myself of the relative bearing of the tree and my own position, and then closing my eyes and uttering one comprehensive ejaculation of prayer, I inclined myself over towards the abyss, and after one breathless instant fell with a crash into the tree, the branches snapping and crackling with my weight, as I sunk lower and lower among them, until I was stopped by coming in contact with a sturdy limb.

In a few moments I was standing at the foot of the tree, manipulating myself all over with a view of ascertaining the extent of the injuries I had received. To my surprise the only effects of my feat

were a few slight contusions too trifling to care about. The rest of our descent was easily accomplished, and in half an hour after regaining the ravine, we had partaken of our evening morsel, built our hut as usual, and crawled under its shelter.

(Continued in No. 73)

Answers to Quiz in No. 71

- Part of a horse's foot.
- (a) Kate Douglas Wiggin, (b) H. G. Wells, (c) Arnold Bennett.
- Frost.
- Strong calico.
- Lakes Ontario and Erie.
- A pride of lions.
- The act of stretching after sleep.
- (a) The maple leaf, (b) the lily.
- "Gulliver's Travels."
- 1943.
- In 1759, after the taking of Quebec.
- (a) Three barrels, (b) 108 gallons.

Answer to Who Is It?
ROBINSON CRUSOE

A Bagpipe Factory

Our tame rubberneck said he'd go anywhere, do anything. So we told him to go to "Right!" he said. "I will." And he brought back this story:

IN a little room off Renfrew Street, Glasgow, there's a man who spends his life splitting bagpipe reeds with a penknife. Brothers or helpmates has he none for this extremely skilled occupation, but the canny old chap likes to talk of his contributions to victory.

He'll tell you, without much pressing, how the bagpipes played the troops through at El Alamein and into Tripoli, and how the pipes feature in the big parade in four War Week processions out of ten.

They're sent to Scots in strange places—to Lord Howe Island and St. Helena. Twelve sets went off to infantry regiments in the East, one to the private piper of a rajah.

The Egyptian Army ought to have bagpipes, for a pasha wanted to introduce them, but when it came to the point—or the pipe—the soldiers couldn't be taught to blow.

So how Scotch is a bagpipe? The sheep-skin bag—sewn with thread thicker than the needle so that it shall be air-tight—is still imported from Australia. The canes come from Spain, the ivory mounts from Africa. The hard black wood for the blow-pipe, chanter and drones is either from Africa or is cocowood from the West Indies.

ARE THEY SCOTTISH? Even the idea didn't start in the Highlands. Bagpipes have been found preserved with Egyptian mummies, and buried in Greece. Nero, Emperor of Rome, once promised to play them in the arena, but he hadn't the breath when it came to the push.

It was the Romans who introduced them into Scotland—as well as into Italy and France.

The English, by the way, used to play them better than the Picts and Scots. Perhaps they originated in Asia for they are still the only instrument of the West which genuinely delights the Oriental.

But in Renfrew Street, Glasgow, they'll tell you apologetically that bagpipes need the best materials. The tartan covering may be Scottish, though it has been made in the South before now. The fluttering ribbons, however, used to be made in Switzerland, and are now sent up from Leicester.

Still, the reeds are tested in Glasgow homes, and they are assembled there.

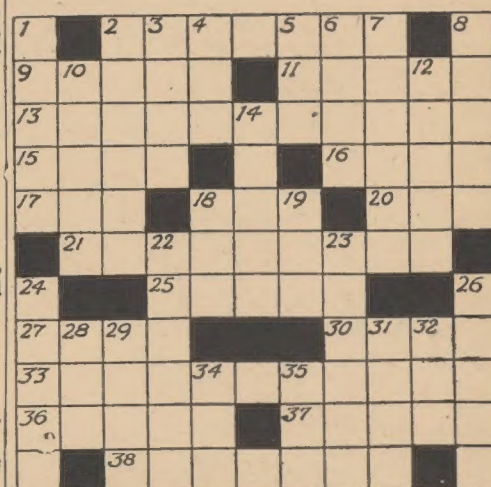
There are fourteen main wooden parts in a set, and sometimes the African blackwood, after being cut and bored in the rough, is allowed to season for years. Besides, there are thirty-one tubes, mounts and projecting mounts, and all parts have to be tested at every stage of their making.

And, while we're on the subject, a word on the bagpipe factory's other sidelines, such as sporrans. The leddies object to getting South American horsehair on their dresses when dancing, and so Russian seal is now the fashionable skin for sporrans evening wear.

The big amber-coloured cairngorm brooches and buckles which make Highland costume so expensive—och, mon, say, y'may not even know that they used to come from Germany. It's taken a war to put the real ones back on the map.

Footnote.—Bagpipes are not recommended for the Submarine Branch, but before I left the factory I asked the man to play me a tune. "O.K.—stop!" I cried, when I'd had enough. But his name was MacTavish, and he couldn't stop. I saw how much he thought of the impudence of me, asking him to halt in the middle of such a fine tune.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Boilers.
- Cosmetic.
- Florida resort.
- Obstructed.
- Sting.
- Warble.
- Musical note.
- Project.
- Shrub.
- Neutralises.
- Corpulent.
- Region.
- Fine linen.
- Flying from centre.
- Parting word.
- Scene of contest.
- Argued.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

CASSIA MOPS
AVON DOUCHE
RELATE STUN
PROP PLEATS
S PATE VE
BERYL AHEAD
RE ANNA M
ELAPSE RAPS
WISE VIOLET
EVOLVE LORE
DENT REDEEM

CLUES DOWN.

- Beds.
- Sort of fish.
- S-shaped moulding.
- Through.
- Bird.
- Tears.
- Ridicule.
- Insect.
- Vegetable.
- Cafe lists.
- Itinerary.
- Poke roughly.
- It is shortened.
- Chin tuft.
- Sort of velvet.
- Parrot.
- Embed.
- Colour.
- Girl's name.
- Old.
- Colourless.
- Subject to friction.
- Plump.

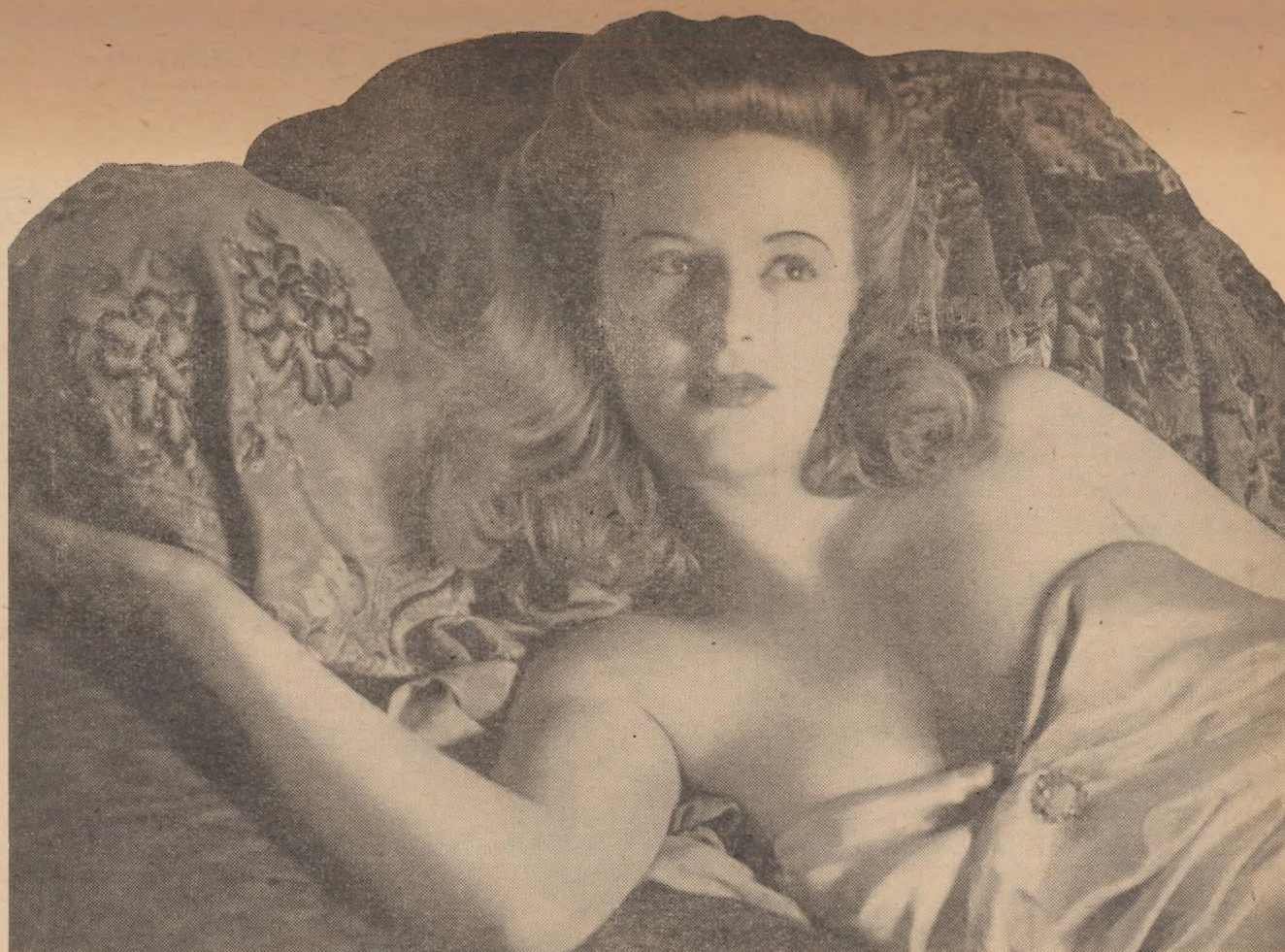
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

PUP COMES HOME



Goggles is back from the Vet. The Order of the Bath was the home-coming honour bestowed by Tony upon his pup. And, of course, "Good Morning" was invited to be present at the ceremony. The procedure was simple, as told in these three pictures. It consisted of a short Initiation, in which the tail of the hound was grasped firmly in the left hand while the soap was applied with the right. Next came the Baptism, or Ordeal, by Waterfall, which seemed to please Tony more than it did Goggles, and finally the towelling. As Tony remarked to our cameraman, "Can't take Goggles all round London smellin' like a hospital—job'll be to keep him from rollin' about in the street once he IS clean."



JOY

A very beautiful young lady, of whom you will be seeing a lot on the screen very shortly, is Miss Joy Frankau, daughter of Ronald Frankau, and niece of Gilbert Frankau. Did you see her as Tilly's sister, in "Tilly of Bloomsbury"? She doesn't smoke, she hates night clubs, and she loves to cook—in fact, she is taking lessons between her rehearsals! Her main interest in life, other than work, is collecting antique jewellery; her seventeenth-century house in Shepherd Market is filled with treasures which she has gathered from all over the country.

FIRST DAY OUT!



So here you see a clean Goggles and a satisfied Tony sitting beneath the Sphinx which guards Cleopatra's Needle on the Embankment. And judging by the expression on the Sphinx's face, Goggles smells quite sweet and soapy.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Doesn't smell too sweet this end!"

